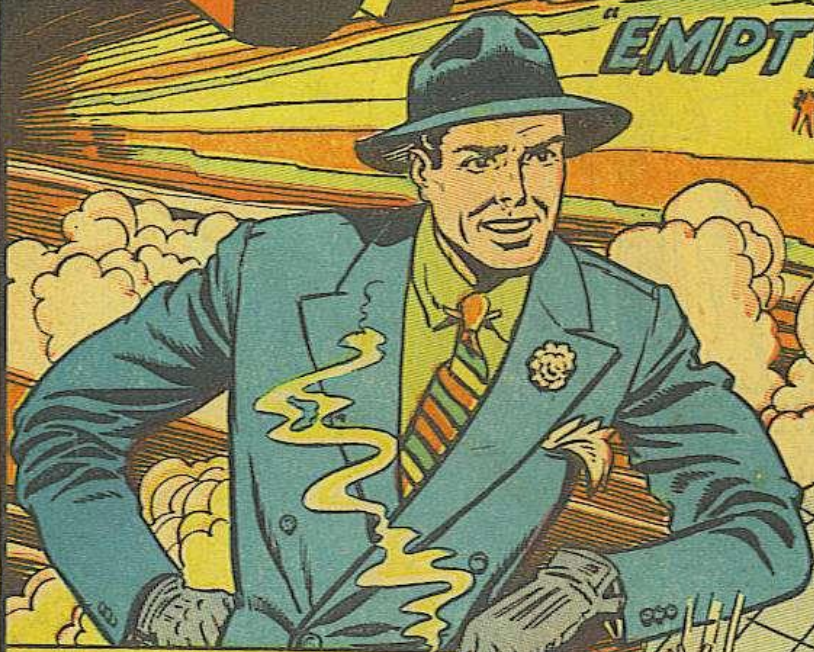




The

SAINT

"EMPTY GRAVES"



MURDER WILL OUT? YOU CAN'T PROVE MURDER WITHOUT A CORPSE. YET, MURDER, FOUL AND MERCILESS STALKS THE CITY... AND THE SAINT RISKED HIS LIFE TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE EMPTY GRAVES!

FOUR PROMINENT PERSONS MISSING AND NOT A CLUE! THE TAXPAYERS ARE RIDING MY DEPARTMENT SOMETHING BRUTAL... IF WE COULD ONLY LAND ONE MISERABLE CLUE, TEMPLAR... ONE CLUE... EVEN IF IT WAS IN THE FORM OF A CORPSE!

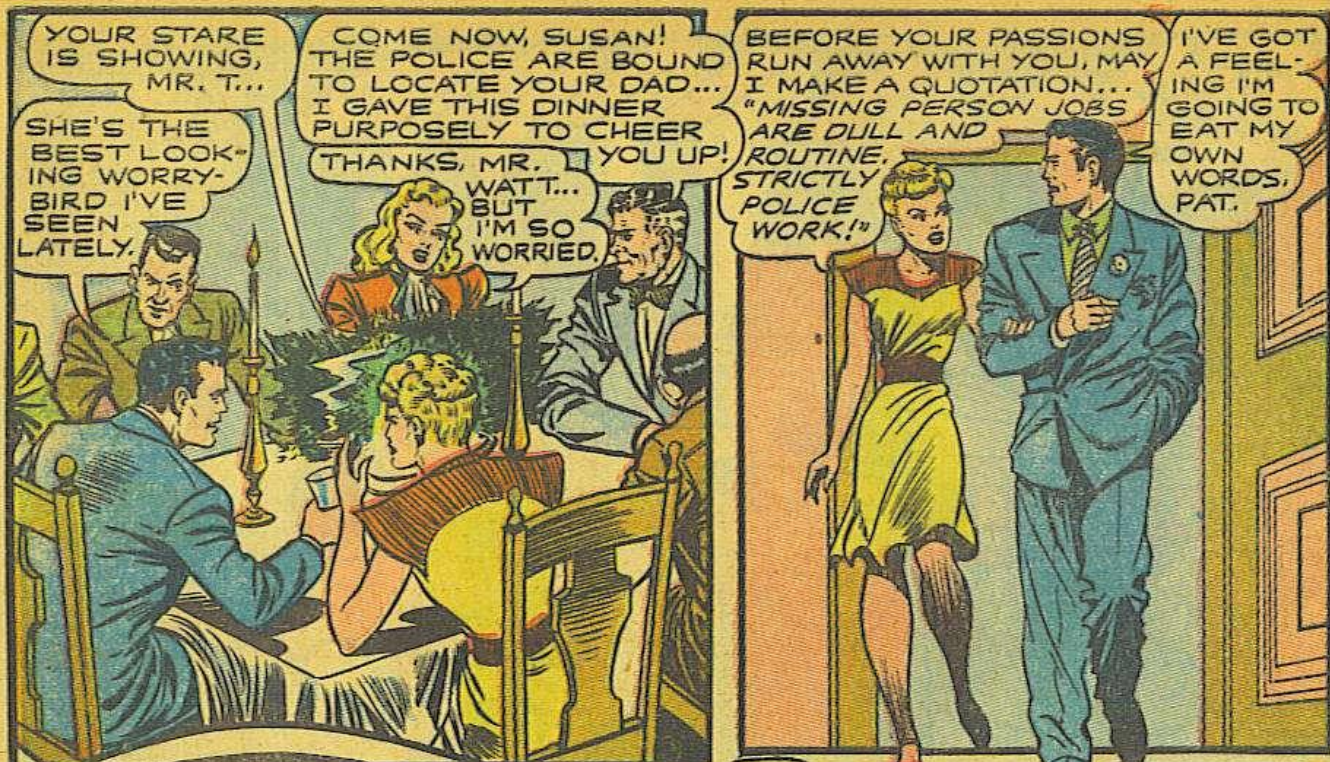
INSPECTOR, YOU SOUND LIKE A VIOLENT MAN! TSK-TSK!

TELEPHONE FOR MISTER SIMON TEMPLAR!

IT'S PAT HOLM, YOUR TOLERANT ASSISTANT. FLASH... WE'RE INVITED TO DINNER AT THE WATT MANSION! DON'T ASK WHY A BANKER PATRONIZES US, BUT CALL ME EARLY, MY SWEET, DINNER'S AT EIGHT!

PAT, FOR THE LOVE OF MUD! YOU KNOW I WANTED TO GET SOME SHUT-EYE TO-NIGHT...





YOUR STARE IS SHOWING, MR. T...

SHE'S THE BEST LOOK-
ING WORRY-
BIRD I'VE
SEEN
LATELY.

COME NOW, SUSAN!
THE POLICE ARE BOUND
TO LOCATE YOUR DAD...
I GAVE THIS DINNER
PURPOSELY TO CHEER

THANKS, MR. YOU UP!
WATT...
BUT
I'M SO
WORRIED.

BEFORE YOUR PASSIONS
RUN AWAY WITH YOU, MAY
I MAKE A QUOTATION...
"MISSING PERSON JOBS
ARE DULL AND
ROUTINE.
STRICTLY
POLICE
WORK!"

I'VE GOT
A FEEL-
ING I'M
GOING TO
EAT MY
OWN
WORDS,
PAT.

FRANKLY, MR. TEMPLAR, I INVITED YOU
HERE TONIGHT FOR A SPECIAL REASON!
TO ASK YOU IF YOU'D JOIN THE SEARCH
FOR SUSAN'S FATHER. HE'S MISSING
FOR TWO DAYS... I WAS VERY CLOSE
TO J. F. TOPPS... I'LL SPARE NO EXPENSE.

PAT,
COULD
YOU MANAGE
TO GET HOME
WITHOUT ME?
I'LL CALL YOU
LATER...

IT WILL BE
A PROBLEM, BUT
I'LL MANAGE...
NEVER SAW A
CASE UNDER WAY
SO FAST IN MY
LIFE!

AND I'D BE
SO GRATEFUL, MR.
TEMPLAR.

IT'S OUT
OF MY
LINE...
BUT...



THE POLICE STATION! BUT THEY
ALREADY KNOW OF DADDY'S
DISAPPEARANCE, MR. TEMPLAR...

CHECK. BUT I GENERALLY
LET THEM KNOW WHEN I
JOIN THEIR RANKS... AND
LET'S CALL ME THE SAINT
FROM NOW ON... I GET
SENTIMENTAL WHEN I
WORK...





TO KEEP YOU POSTED, SUSAN, WE'RE HERE AS DECOYS IN HOPES THAT THOSE HEADLINES WILL BAIT SOME ACTION FOR US...

THEN YOU DO THINK THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN...



THERE WERE OTHER DISAPPEARANCES, TOO... THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME WONDER... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THOSE PEOPLE... THAT LITTLE OLD MAN AND THE BIG FELLOW... THEY KEEP LOOKING AT US...



SHAME ON YOU, SUSAN! I THOUGHT EVERY TAXPAYER KNEW DOCTOR SETH AND HIS MUTE ASSISTANT! GOVERNMENT IS BACKING THEM IN SOME SORT OF EXPERIMENTAL PROJECT... WAITER, CHECK, PLEASE!



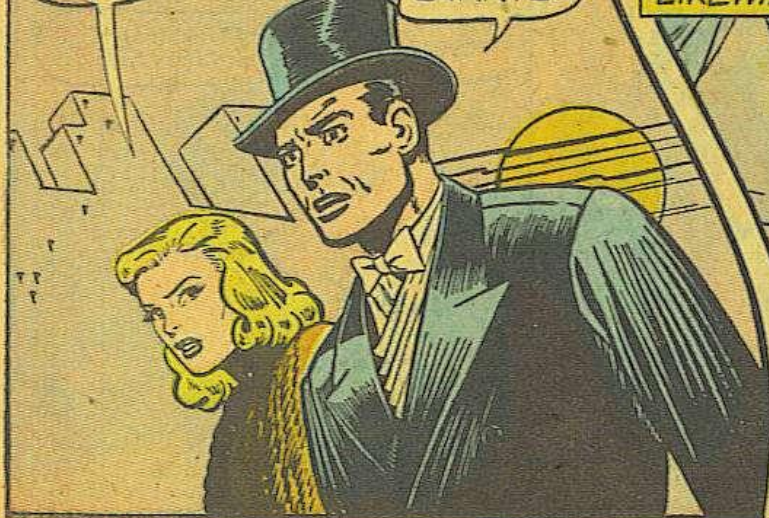
WELL... GUESS THAT'S THAT. MY PLAN WAS A DUD... HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.

THE CAR IS PARKED DOWN HERE...



DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR?

YES, SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING US! KEEP WALKING, SUSAN... THIS MAY BE IT! YOU KEEP OUT OF THE WAY IF TROUBLE STARTS.



THE SAINT AND HIS COMPANION SPEED UP THEIR FOOTSTEPS TO MAKE SURE... BUT THERE IS NO MISTAKE, FOR THE SHADY FIGURES BEHIND THEM, DO LIKEWISE...





RUN,
SUSAN,
RUN!

SAINT! OHH... IT'S
A DEAD END
STREET,
REMEMBER?



DR. SETH AND HIS MUTE
ASSISTANT! I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!

TAKE YOUR
HANDS OFF ME,
YOU...

ENOUGH
NOISE...
IN THE
CAR...
MOVE!



YES, IT'S DR. SETH, BUT
AS SIMON TEMPLAR IS
KNOWN AS THE SAINT, I
PREFER TO BE KNOWN
AS **DOCTOR DEATH!**



OHhh,
BROTHER...



HURRY BRUTUS,
THERE'S A
CROWD
GATHERING!



WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?

SOME MAN
WAS HURT
OR SOMPIN',
OFFICER,
AND HIS WIFE
WUZ SCREAM-
ING HER
HEAD OFF!



WELL, THEY WENT OFF IN AN
AMBULANCE, DIDN'T THEY? THEN
THEY'RE IN THE PROPER HANDS,
AIN'T THEY? SO WHY THEN ARE
YE GATHERED IN THE STREET
LIKE A FLOCK OF GEESE? BREAK
IT UP... HOME WITH YE! MOVE...
I KEEP A CLEAN POST,
I DO!

SO YOU WERE GOING TO REVEAL THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING PERSONS...JUST HOW DID YOU EXPECT THOSE DEAD MEN TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, MR. SAINT?

SO THEY'RE DEAD, EH? KEEP TALKING, SETH, I'M LEARNING THINGS!

OH, THEY'RE DEAD ALL RIGHT...I KNOW... I KILLED THEM. I LIKE OUTWITTING THE POLICE...AND THE MONEY... AMAZING WHAT FOLKS PAY TO HAVE SOMEONE MURDERED!

MOVE! WE'RE AT MY LABORATORY...THERE'S MUCH TO SHOW YOU...

THE MAN'S A RAVING MANIAC!

RESPECTING YOUR INTELLIGENCE, SAINT, I'LL EXPLAIN...WITH MY PERFECTED ROCKET GUN...AND KNOWLEDGE OF EXACTLY WHERE GRAVITY ENDS, I STUMBLED ON THE PERFECT CRIME! SHOOTING VICTIMS BEYOND EARTH'S GRAVITY WHERE THEY SPIN FOR CENTURIES IN SPACE...FOR A FEE, NATURALLY...

DADDY... DADDY...

SUSAN! HOW DID YOU GET INTO THIS HOUSE OF HORROR?

THEY HAVE COME TO WITNESS YOUR DEATH, SIR...AND JOIN YOU SHORTLY AFTER...

BUT ENOUGH CHATTER. LET'S GET TO WORK, BRUTUS! AFTER ALL, MR TOPP'S BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME...

MY MUTE ASSISTANT, BRUTUS, HAS HIS FUN, TOO. THOSE WHO ORDER A MURDER MUST SIGN HIS LITTLE BOOK. SEEING YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE, THERE'S NO HARM IN TELLING YOU IT WAS MR. WATT WHO PAID FOR THE DEATH OF SUSAN'S FATHER...SAID HE WAS BLOCKING AN IMPORTANT DEAL...

JUST A MINUTE, SILENT BOY..
MURDER IN HASTE, YOU'LL
REPENT IN HADES, YOU
KNOW!



LOOK OUT,
SAINT!
PERHAPS
I CAN
HELP...

EASY, BRUTUS... DO
NOT LET YOUR
ANGER GET THE
BEST OF
YOU!



THERE! TAKE
THAT, YOU
BEAST!

OH-H, SUSAN...
WHAT AN AIM...

THE
SAINT!
OH-HH...

WHY,
THANK
YOU, MY
DEAR!

GOOD! SHE IS LESS TROUBLE
THAN IF CONSCIOUS! WE'LL
START WITH HER... IN THE
CRADLE, BRUTUS...
EASY NOW...



SAINT... SAINT!
YOU MUST COME
TO... THEY'RE
SENDING
SUSAN OFF
IN THAT
ROCKET
GUN!

DADDY!
SAINT!
HELP!

SSH! NO
NOISE
WHILE I
OPERATE
THE CONTROLS,
PLEASE...



HERE
WE GO
AGAIN,
BIG
BOY!





IT'S A SHAME TO SOIL THIS NICE COBBLE-STONE ON YOUR CHIN, BUT... HEY!



MY ARM...

SORRY... I'M CLUMSY WITH GUNS... I AIMED AT YOUR HEART!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO LOOSEN THESE BONDS...

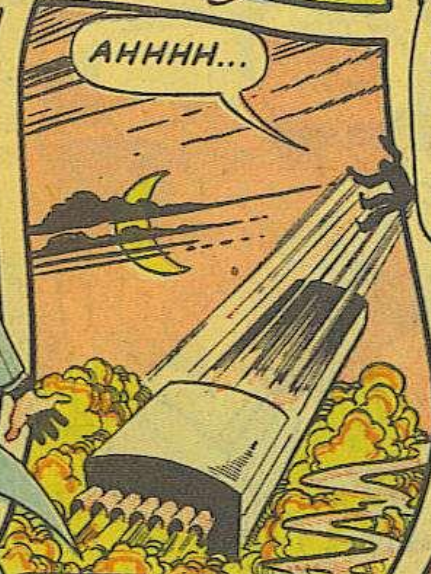


SETH, THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU AND I TO REALLY TANGLE!



ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! OH-OH... WHO OPENED THOSE CONTROLS?

LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL! THE ROCKET GUN!



AHHHHH...

UNEXPECTED BUT TIDY, EH? MAYBE HE'LL GET A CHANCE TO DO SOME RESEARCH UP THERE... NOW, MR. TOPP, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A HAND TO GET SILENT BRUTUS INTO THE AMBULANCE, WE'LL GO TO TOWN... THE REST IS EASY!

MR. WATT? THIS IS SIMON TEMPLAR. I'M AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. THEY'VE GOT A CHAP DOWN HERE THAT'S ALL BEAT UP... SAYS HE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS. THEY WANT TO KNOW IF YOU'LL SHOW UP AND CHECK HIS STORY?

CAN'T BELIEVE IT... WATT PAYING TO HAVE ME MURDERED... FORGET IT, DADDY THE POLICE HAVE HIM NOW...



GLAD TO HELP THEM OUT, TEMPLAR. NOTHING NEW ON TOPP'S DISAPPEARANCE, EH? TOO BAD... WELL, KEEP WORKING AT IT... SEE YOU AT THE POLICE STATION...



AH! LOOK WHO'S WAITING FOR US! WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF COMING TO THE POLICE STATION, PAT?

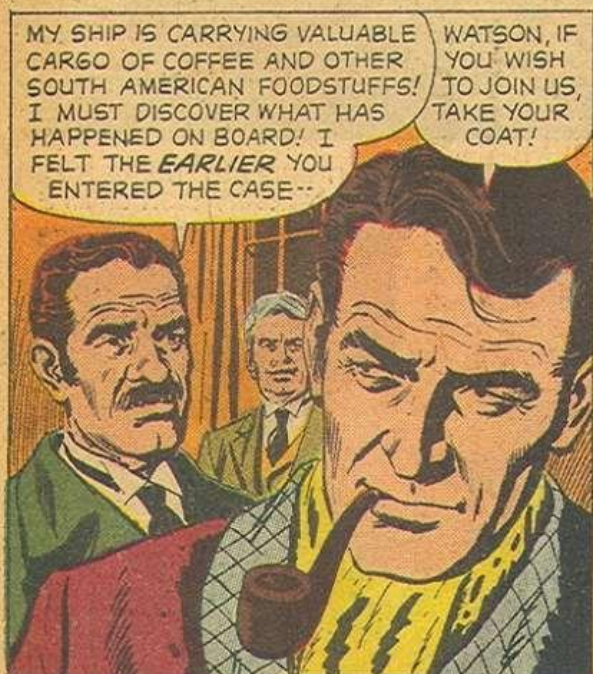
YOU FOUND MR. TOPP! OH, TEMPLAR, YOU - YOU! AND ME WORRYING! I'LL NEVER LEARN!

Another thrilling adventure WITH THE SAINT IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

SHERLOCK
HOLMES

THE DERELICT SHIP

A PERSISTENT, LOUD KNOCKING SENDS SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON TO THE DOOR LATE AT NIGHT...



AT BANKSIDE ON THE THAMES, THEY ENTER A DINGHY...



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I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL! NOW JUST LOOK AT MY JACKET! MR. KENTS, THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIARLY CHALLENGING ABOUT THIS CASE! I SHALL LET YOU RETAIN MY SERVICES!

GOOD! GOOD! THEN WE MAY YET RECLAIM THE CARGO AND SPARE ME SOME LOSS!

SOON AFTER...



HOLMES, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I SLIPPED DELIBERATELY TO SCOOP UP THE REMAINS OF THE CARGO THAT WAS ON THE HOLD DECK! BY CHEMICAL ANALYSIS, I MAY DISCOVER SOMETHING MOST INTERESTING-- AND UNEXPECTED!

AND MINUTES LATER...



IF KENTS' CARGO WAS WHAT HE CLAIMED IT TO BE, WATSON, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SHARE A CUP OF COFFEE!

I'LL HAVE NONE OF THAT FOUL-LOOKING MIXTURE, HOLMES!



I DON'T BLAME YOU, WATSON! IT'S CHILE **SALTPETRE**, ONE OF THE BASIC CHEMICALS FOR MAKING **GUN-POWDER**!

NEXT DAY...



AH! THE SMILE ON YOUNG JAMES'S FACE TELLS ME ONE OF MY BAKER STREET IRREGULARS HAS SUCCEEDED!

YOU KNOW, HOLMES, ORGANIZING THOSE YOUNGSTERS WHO ONCE HAD TROUBLE WITH THE LAW TO AID THE LAW WAS A SPLENDID WAY TO KEEP THEM FROM FURTHER TROUBLE AND YOU IN CONTACT WITH THE CRIMINAL CLASS! I WONDER WHAT JAMES HAS LEARNED!



HAILING A HANSON, HOLMES AND WATSON RACE TO THE GREAT SHIPPING CENTER OF LLOYD'S OF LONDON...



POOR KENTS! HE LOST
HIS SHIP, HIS CARGO WAS
SWITCHED ON HIM AND
THEN STOLEN! HE'LL BE
A BROKEN MAN!



THE
G!
THEN LET'S
INFORM KENTS
OF WHAT'S
AFOOT! AT LEAST,
HOLMES, GIVE THE
WRETCHED FELLOW
A GLIMMER OF
HOPE!

SOON AFTER, AT KENTS' SHIPPING OFFICE...



MR. KENTS, I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE I HAVE LOCATED YOUR SHIP'S CARGO!

YO-YOU HAVE?...
WONDERFUL!
BUT HOW
DID YOU DO IT?
WHERE IS IT?

NO TIME FOR DETAILS! DR. WATSON AND I MUST CATCH A TRAIN IMMEDIATELY FOR THE PORT WHERE YOUR CARGO SHOULD BE FOUND! ONCE I LOCATE THE CARGO, THE REST OF THE MYSTERY WILL CLEAR ITSELF UP!



BUT FOR OVER AN HOUR, THEY WAIT FOR THE NEXT TRAIN TO PORTSMOUTH...



HOLMES, I'M PUZZLED! I'VE HEARD YOU RECITE THE TIMETABLE FOR ALL TRAINS WITHOUT ERROR! YOU *KNEW* THERE WAS NO TRAIN FOR PORTSMOUTH TILL NOW, YET YOU TOLD KENTS WE HAD TO CATCH ONE IMMEDIATELY!

GET ON BOARD! THE NEXT ONE DOES NOT LEAVE FOR THREE HOURS AND EIGHT MINUTES!

AS THE TRAIN ENTERS A TUNNEL, THEIR COMPARTMENT DOOR IS YANKED OPEN AND SUDDENLY...



PUSH! GET THE BIG BLOKE OUT OF HERE AND ON THE TRACKS!







HOW MANY
PROPELLOR
CARGO SHIPS ARE
IN PORT?

LET'S SEE--I'D
SAY SOME SIX OR
SEVEN ARE HERE
FOR COALING CARGO
OR UNLOADING!

QUICKLY, HOLMES AND WATSON CHECK ALL THE CARGO
STEAMSHIPS...



ADMIT HE WAS RIGHT,
HOLMES! NOT ONE BORE
THE NAME, KOTOR HVAR!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER? I'M
A DOCTOR! CAN
I HELP?

THROAT...
STOMACH...
BURNING!



IT'S FROM THE BLOOMING
PAINT WE WERE USING ON
THAT SHIP! PAINT FUMES
DOES FUNNY THINGS TO
SOME BLOKES!

NO, WATSON!
IT WASN'T THE
PAINT, BUT THE
CARGO THAT
POISONED THESE
TWO MEN!

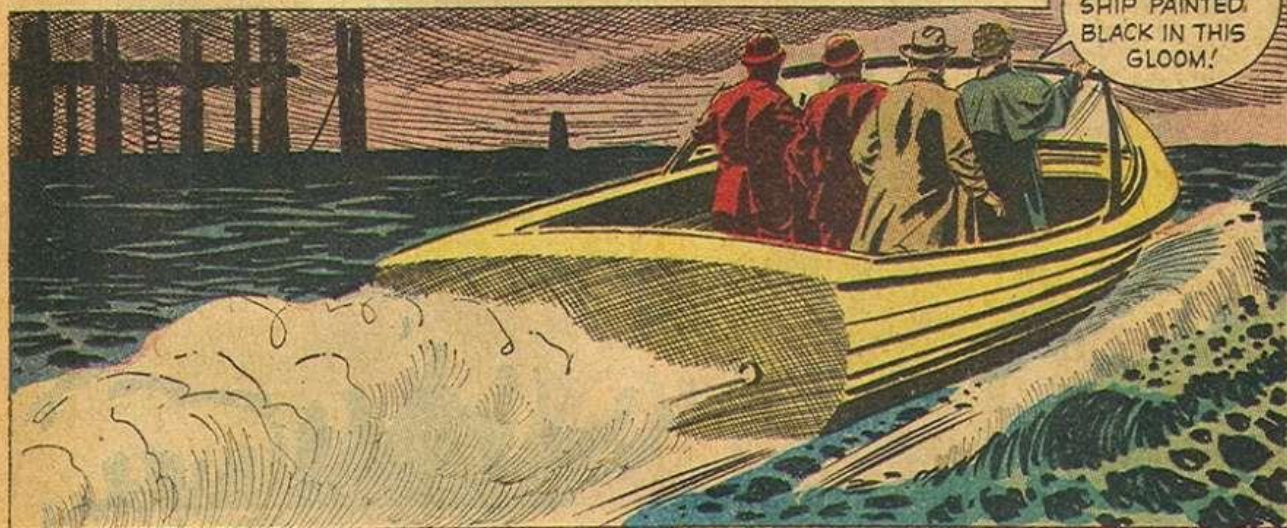


THE CARGO?

WATSON, OBSERVE THE
YELLOWISH TINGE TO THE
SKIN AROUND THE MOUTH! A
CERTAIN SYMPTOM OF **NITRATE**
POISONING! WHILE PAINTING,
THESE MEN HAVE BEEN IN
DANGEROUS CONTACT WITH
CHILE SALTPETRE!



QUICKLY, A TELEGRAPH IS SENT TO INSPECTOR LESTRADE AT SCOTLAND YARD! AN ANSWERING MESSAGE PUTS HOLMES AND WATSON ON BOARD A FAST POLICE LAUNCH...



ONCE ON BOARD, THEY QUICKLY CHECK THE CARGO HOLD...



MINUTES LATER, IN THE HOLD...

YOU ARE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME!

MOST CONSIDERATE OF YOU TO WORRY, CAPTAIN! HOWEVER, WE SHALL CONTINUE OUR WORK!



BY JOVE, HOLMES, YOU HIT IT-- **CHILE SALTPETRE!**

YES, AND YOU'LL DISCOVER THAT SOME OF THE CREWMEN ON THIS SHIP ARE THE MEN FROM THE **MISSING CREW** OF KENTS' SAILING SHIP! THEY CHANGED SHIPS WHEN THEY HELPED TRANSFER THE CARGO AT SEA!



WAIT TILL KENTS HEARS THE GOOD NEWS FROM YOU, HOLMES!

INSPECTOR LESTRADE WILL TELL HIM WHEN HE **ARRESTS KENTS!**



LATER...

OF COURSE, I LET KENTS GO! HE COMMITTED **NO CRIME!**

NO, LESTRADE-- NONE SAVE FOR FALSIFYING A SHIP'S MANIFEST, PRETENDING TO LOSE HIS SHIP TO SALVAGERS TO COLLECT INSURANCE MONEY, TRANSFERRING A CARGO AT SEA ILLEGALLY, AND TRYING TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND CARGO INTO A FRIENDLY POWER'S PORT!



HOLMES, YOU HAVEN'T ONE IOTA OF **PROOF!**

HOW DID THE SALVAGE MEN REACH THE SAILING SHIP IF THEY WERE NOT ROWED THERE BY KENTS' ASSISTANT? THERE WAS **NO BOAT** BY THE SHIP WHEN WE CIRCLED AND BOARDED HER! WHEN I TOLD KENTS ONLY THAT WE HAD LOCATED HIS CARGO, HE KNEW WHERE TO SEND HIS RUFFIANS TO INTERCEPT US!



ONCE I DEDUCED THAT KENTS WAS THE MASTER-MIND BEHIND THE PLAN, IT WAS EASY TO DEDUCE THE REST! NOW KENTS MUST REALIZE THE GAME IS UP, AND HE IS HIDING WHERE HE THINKS WE WILL NOT LOOK FOR HIM--ON *HIS SAILING SHIP!*



QUICKLY, THEY RACE DOWN TO THE THAMES DOCKS...



NOT A SOUND,
MY GOOD MAN!



THE GUARD OUT OF THE WAY, THEY QUIETLY BOARD THE SEEMINGLY DESERTED SHIP, WHEN, SUDDENLY...

HO-HOLMES!

YES, KENTS! I HAVE FOUND YOUR MISSING CARGO, YOUR MISSING CREW AND NOW HAVE COME TO CLAIM YOU!



YOU'RE *NOT* TAKING ME!





FROM THE
END OF THE
MAST, I SHOULD
BE ABLE TO
JUMP ONTO THE
SHED ROOF--
AND THEN
GET AWAY!

COME
DOWN!



THIS IS AS FAR AS
YOU'RE GOING, KENTS!

YOU ARE GOING A
LOT FURTHER, HOLMES--
STRAIGHT DOWN!



OWW!

A LINE, WATSON!
BRING UP A LINE
QUICKLY!



SOON...

TO THINK
KENTS ACTUALLY
HIRED YOU TO RE-
INFORCE THE TRUTH
TO HIS STORY OF
LOSING HIS SHIP,
CREW AND
CARGO!

A CUNNING MAN,
WATSON, BUT LIKE
MOST CUNNING
PLOTTERS, HE
UNDERESTIMATED
THE MINDS OF THOSE
ON THE SIDE OF
THE LAW!



